

SEA EPIC BY A POET WITH A STRANGE CAREER

Vivid Word Pictures by John
Masefield, London's New
Literary Lion.

A TEMPEST OFF CAPE HORN

Author Has Been a Sailor, a
Tramp and a Saloon Bouncer
in New York.

JOHN MASEFIELD, who sailed before the mast at 14 and ten years ago was a barkeeper in a Sixth avenue saloon in New York has just published a new book of verse. This man is the literary lion of the hour in London and one of the most important figures in the literary world to-day. He was befriended by John Galsworthy and has produced verse and other work so exceptional in quality that J. M. Barrie-Barrie, the fanciful and creator of "Peter Pan," said recently that Masefield's output was "incomparably the finest literature of the year."

Nothing more picturesque than Masefield's biography could be invented, even, say, by Jack London. He is but 38 years old, of English parentage and was born in Shropshire. Clever as a youth, he disdained school and books and frequently started out on long tramps without telling his folks where he was going or how long he would stay. At last his family decided that such irresponsibility ought to be mended and so they indentured him to the captain of a merchant ship for the sum of a shilling a month and other consideration, mostly of relief.

He was then, as has been said, but 14 years old, and in square riggers he sailed over a great part of the world's navigable waters until several years later, sick and tired of the sea, he took to land to become a tramp. Then he sailed over a great part of the world's some more, then he became a tramp again and there is a whole long gap of his history which is none too clear until we find him as bartender and bouncer in the Sixth avenue saloon. But he met the poet Yeats and they spent a whole summer loafing and talking in Devonshire, which was a mighty aid to the self-education John Masefield was acquiring.

Then he began to write verse and plays, some in verse, and stories that attracted the attention of the handful of modernists in literary London. Soon John Galsworthy, delighted with Masefield's work, made his acquaintance and showed his democracy by insisting and insisting to all England that here was a man to watch and admire.

Since then Masefield's poems and other works have attracted steadily widening attention and his fame has spread as rapidly as ripples on the smooth surface of a pond where a stone has fallen. Some account of this extraordinary man with a still more extraordinary past was given in THE SUNDAY STAR of March 31 last. Since then he has received the Royal Society of Literature's annual Edmund de Polignac prize of \$500 for his poem "The Everlasting Mercy." No wonder then that his new book attracts the widest attention from those who in any degree are interested in the quality of present day literature.

In "The Everlasting Mercy" Saul Kane, the leading character of this dramatic poem, is a poacher and village loafer, who introduces himself in the following fashion:

From '41 to '51
I was my father's contrary son.
I bit my father's hand right through
And broke my mother's heart in two.
I sometimes go without my dinner
Now that I know the times I've gin her.

There is a description of a prizefight in which Kane knocks out his opponent and takes all the hangerson of the fighting rink to the Lion Inn for "a night of it." But Masefield can write stringently in verse of other things besides brutism.

The poem, really an epic, which opens his new volume is full of wonderful images of the sea and a description which it would be difficult to surpass for clean vigor and strength. The new volume, published by the Macmillan Company, is entitled "The Story of a Round-House and Other Poems." Almost two-thirds of it is occupied by the long poem called "Dauber."

It is the description of an artist, a painter, shipped before the mast on a square rigger and tells of his experiences in the fo'c'sle, the wonderful things that he saw with his painter's eyes at sea and what will perhaps appeal to the widest audience—of the terrors of a hurricane off Cape Horn. This is the opening of the epic in which the hero is described:

Four bells were struck, the watch was called on deck.
All work aboard was over for the hour.
And some men sang and others played at check.
Or mended clothes or watched the sunset glow.
He was the painter in that swift ship's flower
And one man watched it till the light was dim.
But no one went across to talk to him.

It was the painter in that swift ship's crew,
Lampman and painter, tall, a slight built man,
Young for his years and not yet twenty-two,
Sickly, and not yet brown with the sea's tan.
Bullied and damned at since the voyage began,
"Being neither man nor seaman, by his tally,"
He bunked with the idlers just abaft the galley.

His work began at five; he worked all day.
Keeping no watch and having all night in.
His work was what the mate might care to say.
He mixed red lead in many a bountiful tin;
His dungeons were smeared with
paraffin;
"Go down himself," his roundhouse mates
advised him.
And all hands called him Dauber and
despised him.

St. the apprentice, stood beside the spar.
Stripped the sails, a bath at his side,
Slashing his hands to get away the tar,
And then he washed himself and rinsed
and dried.
Glowing his face, hair towelled, eager
eyes.

He crossed the spar to Dauber and there
stood
Watching the gold of heaven turn to
blood.

They stood there by the rail while the
swift ship
Tore out of the tropics, straining her
sails,
Whitening her trackway to a milky strip
Dim with green bubbles and twisted water-
meets.
Her clacking tackle tugged at pins and
cleats,
Her great sails belled hard and her masts
leaned;
They watched how the sea struck and
burst and greened.

St. talked with Dauber, standing by the
side.
"Why did you come to sea, painter?" he
said.
"I want to be a painter," he replied.
"And know the sea and ships from A to Z,
And paint great ships at sea before I'm
dead."
Ships under skysails running down the
trade,
Ships and the sea: there's nothing finer
made.

"But there's so much to learn, with sails
and ropes,
And how the sails look, full or being
furl'd,
And how the lights change in the troughs
and slopes,
And the sea's colors up and down the
world,
And how a storm looks when the sprays
are hurled,
High as the yard (they say), I want to
see;
There's none ashore can teach such things
to me."

It is difficult to select from this
splendid poem the parts that will best
convey the truly fine and epic quality
of Mr. Masefield's work. But here is a
little picture of what the Dauber saw
as he stood on deck in a momentary
respite from labor and cursing:

He stayed a moment, leaning on the boat,
Watching the constellations rise and
burn,
Until the beauty took him by the throat,
So stately in his glittering overturn:
Armies of marching eyes, armies that
yearn
With banners rising and falling and pass-
ing by
Over the empty silence of the sky.

A little later the Dauber lay in his
bunk thinking of when the vessel
should have quit the trades and be
working through the Roaring Forties,
the horse latitudes, as sailors say, to
the vicinage of Cape Horn:
What harvest would he reap of hate and
grief
When the loud Horn made every life a
hell?
When the sick ship lay over, clanging
her bell,
And no time came for painting or for
drawing,
But all hands fought, and icy death came
clawing?

And blues of rollers topping into greens,
And shattering into white that bursts
and blinks,
And scattering ships running erect like
hinds,
And men in olivines beating down a sail
High on the yellow yard, in snow, in hail,
The roaring canvas, like a thing alive,
Shaking the mast, knocking their hands
away,
The footropes jerking to the tug and
away,
The seaway eyes salt reddened at the rims
And leclies on the southwester brims.

Mr. Masefield does not spare reality,
mixed with romance. With some re-

straint he gives a sample of the curses
showered upon the Dauber's head and
pictures the scene in the horribly smel-
ling, damp, dark fo'c'sle, where "a cock-
roach scuttled, where the moonbeam
crossed" and where the Dauber was
ordered to take the kettle and fetch
breakfast, "coffee and burgoo specked
with many a weevil." There is no ex-
aggeration in this at all.

His mates aboard ship first hid the
Dauber's paintings over which he had
spent six weeks of work and washed
some of them and cut others. When
he protested they threatened him in
quite the usual fashion on a lime-
buoy, telling him that "as for crime,
he damned; the thing were smarts, best
overboard, like you, with shots for
weights." The Dauber spoke to the
captain, who promptly asked him if
he knew who did it, and when he re-
plied that he didn't quite, asked him
why then he was aff to talk about it,
told him not to come bothering him
and said that had he found him him-
self he would have drowned him.

The only sympathy (and that was none
too strong) that Dauber got was from
Sails, which is the accepted designation
of the sailmaker on a square rigged
ship. Mr. Masefield records this episode
as follows:

The sails were pointing shackles on his
chest.
"Lord, Dauber, be a man and take a
joke!"
He puffed his pipe—"and let the matter
rest."
Spit brown, my son, and get a hairy chest,
Get shoulders on you at the crocked braces,
And let this painting business go to
blazes!"

Chips, which is also the name on such
a vessel for the carpenter, chimed in
with this advice:
"That's right," said Chips, "it's downright
good advice.
Painting's no good. What good can
painting do?
Up on a lower topsail stiff with ice,
With all your little fishhooks frozen
blue?
Painting won't help you at the weather
clew.
Nor pass your gasket for you, nor make
sail;
Painting's a balmy job not worth a nail."

"Of course some famous painters do it
well,
Make money, too; there's Hogarth did it
right,
Who did the Harlot's Progress, that they
sell."
But I was shipmates one time with a mate
Who said he used to keep his daughter
straight."

The climax of the whole poem is
reached in the description of the storm
off Cape Horn, and some of the splendid
verse in which Mr. Masefield paints that
life and death experience runs as fol-
lows:

Then came the cry of: "Call all hands
on deck!"
The Dauber knew its meaning; it was
come;
Cape Horn, that tramples beauty into
wrack
And crumples sail and smites the
strong man dumb.
Down clattered flying kites and stay-
lines, some
Sang out in quick, high calls; the fair-
leads skirled,
And from the southwest came the end of
the world.

"Caught in her ball dress," said the bosun,
bawling,
"Lee-ay, lee-ay!" quick, high, came the
men's call,
A whirl of pellets of little snow drove by.

It was all walloping of sails and started
calling:
"Let fly," "Let go," "Clew up" and "Let
go,"
"Now up and make them fast," "Here,
give us a haul!"
"Now up and stow them. Quick! By
God, we're dead."
The blackness crunched all memory of the
sun.

"Up," said the mate, "Mizzen topgallant,
Hurry!"
The Dauber ran, the others ran, the sails
slatted and shook; out of the black a
flurry
Whirled in fine lines tattering the edge
to trails;
Painting and art and England were old
Told in some other life to that pale man
Who struggled with white fear and gulped
and ran.

A man below him punched him in the
side:
"Get up, you, Dauber, or let me get
past."
He saw the belly of the skysail aloft,
Gulped, and clutched tight, and tried to
go more fast.
Sometimes he missed his rattline and
was gnashed,
Scraped his shin raw against the rigid
line.
The clambers reached the futtock
shrouds' incline.

Cursing they came; one, kicking out be-
hind,
Kicked Dauber in the mouth, and one
below
Punched at his calves; the futtock
shrouds inclined—
It was a perilous path for one to go.
"Up, Dauber, up!" a curse followed a
blow.

He reached the top and gasped, then on,
then on,
And one voice yelled "Let go" and one
"All gone!"
Fierce clambers, some in olivines, some
in rags,
Hustling and hurrying up, up the steep
stairs,
Before the windless sails were blown to
flats,
And whirled like dirty birds astwirl
great airs,
Ten men in all, to get this mast of
heirs
Spugged to the gale in time. "Up, damn
you, run!"
The mizzen topmast head was safely won.

"Lay out!" the bosun yelled; the Dauber
leapt
Out of the yard, gripping the yard, and
feeling
Sick at the mighty space of air displayed
Below his feet, where mewing birds
were wheeling:
A giddy fear was upon him, he was
reeling,
He bit his lip half through, clutching the
hoels,
A cold sweat glued the shirt upon his
back.

The yard shook to men's feet, a brace was
loose,
He felt that he would fall, he bent, he
went,
Clammy with natural terror to the shoes,
While idiotic promptings came and
went.
Then the great soul of his serene intent
Came winging warm upon him, like new
blood,
Tingling each nerve, making each channel
good.

To unknown strength, the shock passed, he
could look
Forward, where, on the main, the skysail
hush,
Though now half smothered, kicked aloft
and shook
Over the straining heads of Sam and St.
A whirl of pellets of little snow drove by.

He saw the water darken. Some one
yelled:
"Frap it! don't stay to furl. Hold on!"
He held.

Darkness came down, half darkness, in a
whirl;
The sky went out, the waters disappeared.
He felt a shocking pressure of blowing
hurl
The ship upon her side; the darkness
swept
At her with wind, she staggered, she
careered,
Then down she lay, the Dauber felt her go,
He saw his yard tilt downward; then the
snow.

Whirled all about, dense, multitudinous,
cold,
Mixed with the wind's one devilish thrust
and shriek
Which whiffed out men's tears, deafened,<
took hold,
Flattening the flying drift against the
cheek.
The yards buckled and bent, man could
not speak;
The ship lay on her side and the wind's
sound
Had devilish malice at having got her
downed.

At the first shock of falling Dauber's feet
slid on the rope; he slid, gripping the
jack.
Till one foot jammed against an iron
sheet,
And the iron cap of the topmast propped
his back,
Then passed a minute of roaring, whirling
black.
His mate upon the yard yelled in his ear:
"Sail, cut away. Cut rags." He could
not hear.

They cleared the weather yard. "Now!"
yelled his mate,
"Go down to leeward and cut away the
rest."
Slide down the tilted pole, wrestle with
fate,
Hold by the olivine buttons on his chest,
The Dauber's turn was come; he did his
best.

Slide down and cut away. He felt his foot
Plucked from below; the bosun shook his
boot.
"Leave that," the bosun shouted. "Crockle
save."
The splitting crockle, not yet gone to rags,
Thundered below, beating till something
gave.
Belling between its buntlines into bags.
Some birds were blown past shrieking:
dark, like shags,
Their backs seemed, looking down. "Leu,
leu," they cried,
The ship lay, the seas thumped her, she
had died.

They reached the crockle yard, which
buckled, buckled
Like a thin whalebone to the topmast's
strain;
They laid upon the yard and heaved and
knuckled,
Pounding the sail, which jangled and leapt
again.
It was quite hard with ice, its rope like
chain.
Its strength like seven devils, it shook the
mast.
They cursed and toiled and froze; a long
time passed.

They stowed the sail, frapping it round
with rope.
Leaving no surface for the wind, no fold;
Then down the weather shrouds, half
dead, they grope.
That struggle with the sail had raged
them old.
They wondered if the crockle furl would
hold.
"Lucky," said one, "she didn't lose a
spar."
"Lucky," the bosun said, "lucky? We
are."

The rest of Mr. Masefield's volume is
made up of short verse, of which there
are nearly two score examples. Of them
all perhaps the one that will draw most
attention is called "Truth" and might
be taken as something of a confession
of faith. It is very short and runs as
follows:

Man with his burning soul
Has but an hour of breath
To build a ship of Truth
In which his soul may sail.
For death takes toll
Of beauty, courage, youth,
Of all but Truth.

Life's city ways are dark,
Men muller by the wells
Of the street, and moan
O death, O sea, O tide,
The waters mark like bells
No light, no mark.
The soul goes out alone
On seas unknown.

Stripped of all purple robes,
Stripped of all golden lies,
The stars will preserve through death;
Perhaps the stars will rise,
The stars like aloes,
The ship my striving made
May see night fade.

One last example of Mr. Masefield's
art must be quoted from his new vol-
ume. Let the opening stanza of the
fifteen line poem "The Gentle Lady"
charm those to whom red-bloodedness
may not appeal. It runs:

So beautiful, so dainty-sweet,
So like a lyre's delightful touch,
Of the perfect, complete,
That art's own hand could only smutch
And nature's self not better much.
One who quite as "green" as Mr. Mase-
field's Dauber, once sailed before the
mast on a square rigger that rounded
Cape Horn, read the poem with delight
and testifies to the perfect verity of the
epic as well as to the splendid fashion in
which Mr. Masefield has imprisoned in
verse the spirit of that phase of life at
sea.

OLD POINT COMFORT.

OLD POINT COMFORT, Va., Dec. 21.—The
approaching holiday season brings to Old
Point Comfort unusual gravity and social
interest by reason of the gathering of peo-
ple here for family reunions, the touching
at this point of the various naval divisions
on their way to home ports for Christmas
and the arrival of the second division of the
Atlantic squadron to spend the holidays
in old Hampton Roads.

Dr. Duncan Emmett, who has been a
guest at the Chamberlin for some time,
will return to his home in New York for the
Christmas celebration. A feature of last
week's social activities was a dinner given
by him at the Chamberlin. His guests
were Capt. and Mrs. James Totten, Pay-
master and Mrs. Williams of the Illinois,
Dr. and Mrs. Whidden, Mrs. George F.
Adams, Mrs. Merritt, Mrs. Coleman and Mr.
Cott of New York.

C. Loomis Allen, secretary of the United
Railways, while here was entertained at
dinner by Lieut. and Mrs. Allen Kimbly.
He added something to social activity was
the day's meeting of the Southern Sur-
gical and Gynecological Association in its
twenty-fifth session with some two hun-
dred physicians and their wives in atten-
dance. Among the New York surgeons who
papers were Dr. H. H. Hoidt and Dr.
Robert T. Morris. Another important
paper was that read by Dr. Roswell Park of
Buffalo.

Titanic Wreckage in 3000 A. D.
From the Chicago Tribune.
A forecast of the ultimate fate of the
Titanic, which sank on her maiden voyage
at the bottom of the ocean, is given in a
German scientific review.

WILSON HELPS BERMUDA TRADE.

Many More Visitors Since His Visit
—St. George Hotel Sold.

Since Gov. Wilson has rediscovered
Bermuda the little colony has taken on
an added amount of prosperity. Thou-
sands more visitors than ever before
sought the islands at this time of year
are crowding the steamships on every
voyage. Two vessels which sailed last
Wednesday were crowded to their ca-
pacity, and almost as many were turned
away as obtained berths.

All this is causing great activity among
Bermuda hotel proprietors, who have
not been accustomed to full houses until
along in January. One of the most notable
changes caused by the increased de-
mand for accommodations was the pur-
chase of the St. George Hotel, one of the
largest and finest in the islands, by the
owners of the Hamilton and Princess
Hotel companies who after a long time
are now refurnishing it throughout will
open it on New Year's Day under the
management of Allan P. Thompson,
who has been connected with the Hamil-
ton Hotel for six years, having been its
summer manager.

The St. George Hotel stands high above
the town of St. George in the island of
the same name, the most easterly of the
Bermuda group. It is convenient to the
picturesque little town, where all of the
early Bermudian life and customs have
been retained. The hotel was built in
1867 and is thoroughly modern. Vessels
of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company
will land passengers at St. George, as
well as at Hamilton, to accommodate
those who desire to stay at the hotels
on this island.

GENERAL NOTES OF SOCIETY.

Continued from Second Page.

Ethel Carlton, and last but not least a
Parisian actress, Stella de Gex.
In the cast of the play are several New
Yorkers, including Henry Hotchkiss, who
plays one of the leading roles in the play.
Harry Banks and Carl J. Austrian.

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson was one of the
patronesses of the Princeton Triangles
Clubs, this year's musical comedy, last
night at the Hotel Astor. Mrs. Wilson
during the presidency of Woodrow Wilson
at Princeton was an admirer of the Triangle
Club's tuneful, merry productions.
The opening performance of the Triangle
Club at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn,
on Wednesday was for the benefit of the
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It is two years since presidents' day was
celebrated by the Woman's Press Club,
and the newly elected president, Mrs.
Harriet Holt Day, has prepared an un-
usually fine programme for her first after-
noon in the chair next Saturday at the
Waldorf-Astoria. The Rev. Phoebe Han-
ford, honorary president of the club, will
give the invocation; John Temple Graves,
president of the New York Press Club,
will extend greetings to the women's organ-
ization; Mrs. Ernest Thompson Sedgwick,
club member and also the head of the Pen
and Brush Club, will tell about the Boy
Scouts and the Campfire Girls; Mrs. Julian
Heath, president of the Housewives League,
will describe some of her efforts to obtain
lower prices for the consumer; Mrs. William
Grant Brown, president of the New York
City Federation of Women's Clubs, will
relate incidents about the new work which
the club women of New York are doing
with the Salvation Army; Miss Robinson
Smith, vice-president of the vacation fund
for self-supporting women, and Mrs. Ida Bentley
Judd will read Mary E. Wilkins' "The Re-
volt of Mother." Miss Helen De Witt
Jacobs, violinist, will contribute two num-
bers.

The American Criterion Society, Mrs.
Dore Lyon president, held its regular eve-
ning meeting on Friday at the home of Mrs.
Charles Champeau Blair, 125 West
Fourth street, where the Rev. Phoebe Han-
ford, honorary president of the club, will
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The Florence Crittenton Mission is pre-
paring for an elaborate Christmas enter-
tainment, which will be held on Christmas
Day at the home of the mission, 28 West
Thirteenth street. The entertainment will
be followed by the distribution of pre-
sents, which will be taken from one of the
largest trees in the city.

The officers are: Mrs. Kate Waller Bar-
rett, president; Mrs. Emma L. Robinson,
secretary; Franklin B. Waterman, treas-
urer, and Mrs. Barclay Hazard, chairman
of the advisory board. Among the patron-
esses are Mrs. H. H. Hoidt, Mrs. C. Schuck,
Mrs. Edward R. Hewitt, Mrs. Arthur
Blumenthal, Mrs. Morton Menken and Mrs.
Herbert Scheffle.

A committee of ladies who are guests at
the Hotel Imperial will give a Christmas tree
on Christmas Day at 2 o'clock for the small
newsboys in the neighborhood in one of the
parlors of the hotel.
The Rev. Phoebe Hanford, honorary presi-
dent of the club, will give the invocation;
John Temple Graves, president of the New York
Press Club, will extend greetings to the women's
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The Arion Society opened its social ses-
sion with an old fashioned cotillion last Sat-
urday at the clubhouse at Fifty-ninth street
and Park avenue. The feature of the
evening was the last figure of the cotillion,
which represented the storming of Con-
stantinople.

Between the dances Miss Alice Earl
gave a Greek dance in costume. The cotillion
was led by Edgar Pike, president of the
Jung Arion, with Miss Cora Clifford as his
partner.
Among those present were Mr. and Mrs.
Bernard H. Ridder, Mr. and Mrs. A. Hoebel,
Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Ams, Mr. and Mrs.
George Ehret, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Louis Ott,
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schwieger, Mr. and
Mrs. J. Goebele, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Richard
Trunk, Mr. and Mrs. J. Schaefer, Mr. and
Mrs. Durschlag, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Miller,
Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Koch, Mr. and Mrs.
Robert Thompson, Dr. and Mrs. R. C.
Williams, Dr. and Mrs. Felix Proffer, Mr.
and Mrs. A. F. Kiehl, Mr. and Mrs. C. Schuck,
Mr. and Mrs. G. Gristede, Mr. and Mrs.
O. Zimmerman, Mr. and Mrs. H. Saalkind,
Mr. and Mrs. H. A. W. Bundeel.

Clothing as an Insulator.

From the Lancet.
In dealing with persons suffering from
electrical shock, if the victim remains in
contact with the circuit his body must
not be touched by the rescuer, but the latter
may pull him out of contact by hauling
on the clothing, or he may take off his own
coat, insert it between the victim and the
circuit, and then handle the victim with little or no
risk.

Almost any article of clothing or material
may be used, provided it is dry and of
moderate thickness. Dr. Morton points
out that the dried skin of a dead body must
not be touched at first, and that there
is practically always a time during
which it is possible to resuscitate the
victim by artificial respiration.

Motorist's Luck.
From Harper's Weekly.
"Well, Bithers, what luck did you
have with your new car?" asked J. H. M.
"Just three minutes after the darn
blew up another car came along
and the owner of the first car
tires for ten dollars apiece."

LAKEWOOD BUSY WITH PLANS FOR HOLIDAYS

Dances at the Big Hotels to
Surpass All Previous
Celebrations.

FOR VILLAGE BETTERMENT

Cornelius Vanderbilt's Visits
Revive Discussion of Motor
Parkway Plan.

LAKEWOOD, N. J., Dec. 21.—Prepara-
tions for the Christmas and New Year
festivities have made the week a busy
one. The annual New Year balls at the
Country Club and the two big hotels,
the Laurel House and the Laurel in the
Pines, are to eclipse anything of the sort
given before and a number of smaller
entertainments are to take place.

Another addition has been made to the
places of amusement. The manage-
ment of the Laurel House has converted
part of the building in which the hotel
bowling alleys are located into a shoot-
ing gallery and when this is thrown open
prices will be offered for various com-
petitions.

The recently formed Village Improve-
ment Association, the movement for which
was started by Mrs. Arthur B. Claffin,
held a meeting during the week at which
plans were formulated for a number
of enterprises to be taken up by the as-
sociation and officers were chosen. Dr.
Irwin H. Hance was elected to the presi-
dency of the organization, with Mrs.
Arthur B. Claffin and H. E. Newman
vice-presidents. I. B. Thompson was
made treasurer, with Edwin J. Nelson
secretary.

Cornelius Vanderbilt was again a visitor
at the Laurel House over the weekend.
The frequency of Mr. Vanderbilt's visits
together with the discussion that has
been revived of the motor parkway,
has led to the inference that Mr. Vander-
bilt may become interested in the
project. The speedway plan has been broached
from time to time and a large sum was
once raised to carry it out, but as a location
could not be agreed upon the scheme
has hung fire.

The Alliance Francaise met Thursday
evening at the home of Mrs. Tunis G.
Bergen. About thirty members of the
branch attended and listened to an in-
teresting lecture.

A dance was given at the Country Club
by Mrs. E. M. Horne for a number of the
members of the younger set. Another
affair at the Country Club was a dinner
given by Mrs. Charles Lathrop Pack in
honor of Capt. and Mrs. E. W. Eberle.
The dinner was attended by Mr. and Mrs.
W. H. Rollins, Mrs. F. W. Downer, Mr.
and Mrs. S. K. De Forest, Dr. and Mrs.
C. L. Lindley, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Davis,
Mr. and Mrs. Lewis B. Stillwell, Mr. and
Mrs. H. O. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Girard
Romaine, Miss Ferris, Mr. and Mrs.
Arthur E. Whitney, Dr. and Mrs. W. G.
Schaufler, Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Her-
bert and Mr. and Mrs. Tunis G. Bergen
and Charles Lathrop Pack.

A sewing circle for the benefit of the
Paul Kimball Hospital was recently
organized with Mrs. George Fales Baker
as its president. The meetings are planned
to be held at Edgemere, Mrs. Baker's
residence, once a week, and the following
committee was appointed to assist: Mrs.
Curtis Bean, Mrs. M. V. Willis, Miss Martha
A. Jamison, Mrs. William Thaw 2d,
Mrs. Lewis B. Stillwell, Mrs. W. W. Wil-
lock and Mrs. Charles Lathrop Pack.
During the week contributions to the
amount of \$175